

## Philby by Rory Gallagher

Now ain't it strange that I (1) like Philby,		
There's a stranger in my soul,		
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city,		
I can't come in from the cold,		
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,		
Contact's broken down,		
Time drags by, I'm (2) suspicion,		
There's a voice on the telephone		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,		
Contact's never gonna show,		
I've got a code which can't be broken,		
My eyes never seem to close,		
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,		
Shadows falling down,		
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,		
The night's gonna burn on slow.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		

## Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it (3)	that I feel like Philby,	
A stranger on a foreign shore,		
I've got my (4)	and I must move quickly,	
There's a knock upon the door,		
Still in (5)	and I'm close to danger,	
My (6) can't be blown,		
It's (7) st	range and it's getting crazy,	
Tell me, what is going on?		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Yeah, yeah, yeah.		
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,		
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,		
A Morning comes, must be moving on.		
All night long my mind's been burning,		
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,		
Now ain't it (8)	that I feel like Philby,	
There's a (9)	in my soul	
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city		
I can't come in from the (10)		



- 1. feel
- 2. above
- 3. funny
- 4. plans
- 5. transit
- 6. cover
- 7. getting
- 8. strange
- 9. stranger
- 10. cold

## Fill in the gaps